

THE CAERULEAN

1926



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THE CAERULEAN

*Year Book of the Class
of 1926*

SHARON HIGH SCHOOL



To John A. Burton, principal of the Sharon High School for five years; a Christian gentleman, faithful teacher, and devoted master, who performed his duty honestly and faithfully, and who so unselfishly gave his best that we might carry on, this Class of 1926 Year Book is affectionately dedicated.

Foreword

WE, the class of 1926, are publishing this Year Book, for the first time in the history of the Sharon High School, as a memorial of our few years of school life together. We hope that any defects will be overlooked, and any knocks will be forgotten. We also want to thank all those who have co-operated with us in making this book a success, and we hope that this splendid work will be carried on in the future.



Class Officers

President

DONALD ALDEN STOCKMAN

Vice-President

VENITA SAYLES BAKER

Secretary

NANCY AGNES WOOD

Treasurer

GEORGE STANLEY WATTENDORF

Year Book Staff

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Advertising KENNETH BROWN

Editorials BETTY PECK AND GEORGE WATTENDORF

Art NANCY WOOD AND VIRGINIA COLLINS

Sporting JEAN CALDWELL AND DONALD STOCKMAN

Social and Dramatic . . KATHRYN COLLINS AND CATHELLA WRIGHT

Jokes VENITA BAKER AND RICHARD RAFTER

Faculty

D. J. Allen
H. R. Mc Smith
Gladys E. Whipple
F. E. Cunningham
M. E. Lurley
Elizabeth M. Knowlton
Carl S. McColey

Venita Baker

attended schools in Sharon. Many times during her high school career she has been on the honor roll. She played an important part in the Senior play and was a star on the girl's basket-ball team. She intends to go to normal school, possibly Bridgewater, and then to teach. She has shown us that she can by taking the History class in hand several times. "Deta" is already a woman of the world, so we have no fear of the obstacles she will meet when she begins her way in it. But Sharon will surely miss her noisy clatter and hilarious laughter.



Kenneth Brown

has reached the end of his high school career and is yet undecided what to do. He hopes to go to college but he wants to be an explorer, an admiral in the Navy, and perhaps a motor-cycle cop. "Ken" took a very interesting and difficult part in the class play—the result was a marked success. Class spirit and willingness seem to have been his motto. Except for the fact that he was always late for the eighty-thirty bell he was a decided addition to the class.



Jean Caldwell

has attended schools in the South as well as in the North. Her reputation since she came to Sharon has been that of a vamp in school; in fact, in town. She had a part in the play; she was a very modest little girl who was angry with herself because she wasn't a lady. This year she played on the basket-ball team, and is now taking up baseball. No wonder we have so many spectators. Wheaton College is her goal and then . . . We are unable to fill in.

Kathryn Collins

is strictly a Sharonite. She is a member of the commercial department and won the honors this year with a 100 per cent record. To be a successful business woman is her ideal. At present she is going to work and at the same time go on with her education. She seems to be the only really ambitious girl in the class. "Kay" is the best all-around girl we know, and a very sunny spot will be left vacant when she leaves old S. H. S.



Virginia Collins

has skipped gaily from one school to another in Sharon. She is now a member of the commercial department. Virginia has no ambitions, but she is a world-famed globe trotter, and is always leaving school for a trip. She is a happy-go-lucky person and never worries about the future. With all her faults, she, "Jibbie" is a bright spot in the Senior class. We would probably want to be grave diggers if we didn't have her to cheer us up.



Ruth Hutchins

has attended schools in Boston and Sharon. She is a member of the commercial department, and her ambitions at one time were to become a world-famed typist. She has changed now and wants to be a nurse. If she is a school nurse the kids will always want her to be doing something for them. They will probably call her "Roofie."



Vivian Leighton

the vamp, flapper, and jazz baby intends to go to college, then take up music as her life work. We wonder????? She wishes Harvard were co-ed. "V" attended schools in Maine and Florida. Then she came to Sharon. Her school record is perfect. Her diligent study won for her the scholarship fund this year. She played the leading role in the Senior play.

Betty Peck

obtained her education in Sharon, and expects to go on with her education. She played the part of the mother in the class play and did it nobly. She writes poetry and sings. Her ambition is to become a prima donna. We have heard her sing in school and we think she can. Betty is always willing to do the best she can and never kicks at the amount of work you give her to do. Betty is a jolly good fellow and Sharon will miss her.



Ethel Kaercher

hailed in from Montana this year. She has attended schools by the dozen. She was going to school in Boston before she joined us. Some day she hopes to become a private secretary to a Western man. Ethel is a member of the commercial department and is very much interested in her work.



Cathella Wright

has attended every school in Sharon including private schools. She must love them. "Thella" never has entered into many activities in school, but she is a good sport and we all like her. Her intentions are to go to Emerson School of Oratory and specialize in children's plays and the like. We wonder if the childish part she took in the class play influenced her any.



George Wattendorf

the book worm of the class, is a quiet, reserved person. But like the rest of us he has his hilarious moments. He intends to go to Harvard, to see the world, and to do many wild, exciting things. His ambitions are to become an author of stirring tales of adventure, travel, and things of the unknown. He played the part of the father in the class play. The acting was so real we thought he had become an old man.

Donald Stockman

the easy-going sheik of the class, intends to go to college. If he hasn't inherited a fortune by the time he has finished college, he is going into business. He was manager of the Boys' Basket-ball Team, and played the part of the hero in the Senior play. His high school record is all that any one could wish. Except for talking so low no one can hear him, he is an indispensable person.



Richard Rafter

better known as "Dick," began his high school career with an argument. He wants to go to college and specialize in chemistry. He intends to work his way through college and then begin his life work. He was perfectly at ease in the overalls of a farm lad in the Senior play.



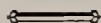
Kenneth Callahan

attended schools in Sharon. His ambitions are to become a radio expert. Thanks for something different! All the boys in the neighborhood flock to him to play cards and Mah Jong. He has the voice of a Shakesperean character and the literary style of Sir Walter Scott. He always has a crowd of bright ideas when we need something new, and in Latin he is a shark.



Nancy Wood

has been trying to learn to pronounce noow "now" ever since she arrived here from the sunny South a year ago last September. She expects to specialize in everything from art to matrimony. Nance, you'll sure succeed!



Class Motto: Truth conquers all things.

Class Colors: Blue and Gold.

Class Flower: Daisy.

The Senior class wishes to express its gratitude to the Juniors, for their help in selling subscriptions and to Howard Rafter, for his assistance in collecting advertisements.

To the faculty advisers Miss Katherine C. Burgoyne and Miss Elizabeth M. Koulton, the Senior class wishes to express its sincere thanks for the helpful services which they have rendered.

Senior Play

“NO TRESPASSING”

The Senior play was presented December 17 and 18, 1925

THE PLAYERS

PEGGY PALMER	<i>Jean Caldwell</i>
MRS. PALMER	<i>Betty Peck</i>
BARBARA PALMER	<i>Venita Baker</i>
ALMEDA MEADER	<i>Cathella Wright</i>
LISLE IRVING	<i>Vivian Leighton</i>
MR. PALMER	<i>George Wattendorf</i>
CLEVELAND TOWER	<i>Herbert Nutting</i>
HERBERT EDMAND RAYNOR	<i>Donald Stockman</i>
BILL MEADER	<i>Kenneth Brown</i>
JIM MEADER	<i>Richard Rafter</i>
MR. IRVING	<i>Carlton Holbrook</i>

Gee! I'm hungry. I wonder if any of the Palmer family is home. As a farmer's wife Mrs. Palmer sure takes the cake. Just to think of her pies makes me feel empty way down to my boots. I wonder if Palmer has still got that funny looking suit that Pa swiped one day and then that Palmer made him shed when he caught him. Humph! That Bab Palmer sure thinks she is the whole show trying to scare me away with that spider. Yesterday I saw Peggy and Tower, but they didn't see me as they were too busy with each other. I yelled at Peggy and asked her if Tower had shown her how to get up out of a chair like a lady yet, but she didn't hear me. I haven't seen Lisle since she and Raynor were married. She certainly got sick of the country soon enough after she got Raynor. Well, I suppose Jim will have to pull Pa around again soon as he's been collecting contributions from the neighbors to get the old wheelbarrow fixed. I wonder if Mr. Irving still sits in fly paper. He sure was a stupid guy. Even Pa would know better than to sit in fly paper.

ALMEDA MEADER.

The Junior Prom

A GREAT social and financial success.

It was given in the Town Hall on Friday, February 13, 1925. The Hall was artistically decorated. Lattice work of blue and gold hid the unsightly beams and ceiling of the Hall. Flowers, ferns, and streamers adorned the stage, walls and exits.

The Prom commenced with a Grand March in which all those present could participate. Following the March was the dancing which continued until twelve o'clock.

Our success was greatly due to the help and suggestions of Miss Katherine Burgoyne, our class adviser.

KAY.



The Burton Debating Society

THE Burton Debating Society was organized by Mr. McGrath in March, 1926. All the members of the High School are eligible.

This society has been dedicated to the memory of our past-principal, Mr. Burton.

Considerable good work along public speaking and debating lines has already been accomplished. We hope and feel confident that under the able supervision of its adviser, the club in the near future will become a valuable part of the school activities.



The Stentype Club

THE Stentype Club was organized in 1924 by Miss Curley, and by the Class of '24. It is composed to the Senior Class, and the graduates of past years, who have taken the commercial course.

The purpose of this organization is to further the education of its members.

A second biennial Business Show was given by this club on June 4, 1926.

The officers for the years 1925-26 are as follows: President, Kathryn Collins, Vice-President, Virginia Collins; Secretary, Marion Mahony; Treasurer, Ruth Hutchins.

Classmates

Cathella

We'll begin at the end,
And tell of our friend
Our "Thella," Cathella Wright,
Who wishes some day,
To become if she may, a politician, bright.
As Almeda Meader she "took the cake" —
And also much other food, —
But as to being Cathella herself,
She's jolly, and nice and good.

Venita

Then comes our Venita, she's number one
On our alphabetical list —
And that's the way she would stand in the row
If it came to being missed.
She's happy and busy and vehement, too,
When she needs to assert her way,
And the wink of her eye is so quick, cute and sly
"Deta" could not be spared for a day.

Jean

Dark-eyed Jean plays with our hearts
Just about as she pleases,
She can give you a glance
That's melting sweet or one that almost freezes.
I'd sometimes like to be her book,
If she at me would so steadily look,
But Jean's quite a student and a sport
Of a very, very pleasant sort.

Kenneth C.

Kenneth is gracious every day
I can't tell you why, but it's just his way.
He has a wonderful gift of speech;
'Tis said the Supreme Court some day he'll reach,
And the Judge thereof will be the man,
We know now as Kenneth Callahan.

George

George Wattendorf is a kindly soul,
And a brilliant student, too,
But when it comes to a social dance,
He shirks a partner, it is true.
George has handsome hair and eyes,
And might be a beau all right,
But instead of that he aims to become a literary light.

Richard

"Richard Rafter" is a name
We will not soon forget.
He began his first year with an argument
And this fourth year argues yet.
Scholarly and business-like is he,
But as ladies' man he's absurd
For a lady as is generally known,
Likes to have the very last word.

Kathryn

Kathryn Collins, so they say,
Will be private secretary some day
To the Greatest Lady in the Land,
And a member of our President's band.
She began High School with nice long curls,
But now she's one of our business girls
And does everything in a business-like way,
Even to flirting a bit, they say.

Nancy

Though we through years shall wander,
Our pals we'll not forget,
And in two years of Sharon High,
Nancy has become our pet.
She hopes to be a poetess,
And business woman, too.
She may count on us still wherever we are
To try to help her through.

Ethel

Ethel Kaercher takes the lead
In our stenographic class,
Wonderful things for Ethel some day
Must surely come to pass,
For she's faithful and patient and very polite,
And qualities of such sort
We hope may secure for Ethel a place
As stenographer in the Supreme Court.

Ruth

For diligence Ruth is like a bee,
And she works late every night;
Thoroughgoing in everything,
To study is her delight;
Ruth is gracious to us all,
And she's full of courage and pluck,
We expect to meet her as a nurse some day
And we wish her the best of luck.

S H A R O N H I G H S C H O O L

Donald

Manager of our basket-ball team
And captain of our hearts
And we love to go riding with "Donny boy"
When his car is not "in parts."
President of our class is he
And also excellent in history.
It may be that he'll teach some day
In some famed college far away.

Vivian

Our Valedictorian, Vivian Leighton,
Shines like a star in our sky,
A's single, A's plussed, she has won all the way,
With ne'er ever seeming to try.
She favors our boys with a smile now and then,
And as often they get but a frown,
She's our musical prodigy, and as a school friend
She's one of the nicest in Town.

Virginia

Virginia is a little spoiled,
But we love her just the same,
And she has qualities that to us appear,
As beautiful as her name.
"Jibby" (for short) is a thrifty little soul,
And if she's ambitious she may some day attain
A very scholarly rank.

Kenneth B.

Kenneth owns a racer
So he sets us all a pace
He's a dainty, dressy ladies' man
As such he wins the race
In all our beauty contests,
And in our school plays, too;
But Kenneth is a student
And he'll surely carry through.

Betty

Betty Peck, our thin little "Bet"
Likes to sing at the top of her voice—
And for four years we've listened as well as we could—
To do otherwise we had no choice.
But Betty is cheery and good-natured, too,
And will help any comrade in need,
And if ever she sings and studies abroad
We wish her success, yes, indeed.

—BETTY PECK

Class Will

We, the class of 1926, of the Sharon High School, being of sound mind and body, but being aware of the uncertainties of life, do publish this to be our last will and testament, in the manner following to-wit:

We advise and bequeath the following tokens to our classmates:

JEAN CALDWELL

We feel sure that Jean Alice will be editor of the *Advice to the Lovelorn*. When you gaze into this crystal ball you will see your romances of High School days. Your clients will profit greatly by your advice, which you will be able to give because of your practical experience.

GEORGE WATTENDORF

George, we all appreciate your low, melodious voice, but, as perhaps you realize, quite often your brilliant thoughts are unheard. We feel certain that with the aid of this megaphone you will become a great orator and speaker.

ETHEL KAERCHER

Many people do not know, Ethel, that you are our champion typist. In making errors you excel us all. In order that you may begin your career right, we bequeath you this small error-less typewriter.

VENITA BAKER

Although you were a child in "No Trespassing", you are really a grown-up young lady, and you must stop blushing. This whitewash will help to hide your blushes.

KENNETH CALLAHAN

Kenneth, you are very inconsiderate of the townspeople of Sharon. When you broadcast you disturb us all. The next time you wish to tell the world something, why don't you go onto this island? Your endeavors will at least be appreciated by the inhabitants of Noman's Land.

CATHELLA WRIGHT

When we are alone and lonesome our thoughts often stray. Our glances generally rest on something we value. When Warren is away this moss may help to take his place. At least it will remind you of him.

SHARON HIGH SCHOOL

DONALD STOCKMAN

Don, all through your career in High School you have been running things. You managed the basket-ball team, presided over our class meetings, and even conducted History Class when Mr. McGrath was absent. These trunks will help your future running.

ELIZABETH PECK

Betty, you will be making your debut into opera soon. This pitch-pipe is guaranteed to put you on the right key.

VIVIAN LEIGHTON

Vivian, you are too young to go unchaperoned. If your mother cannot perform that duty, this doll will be pleased to accompany you and act as your chaperone.

RICHARD RAFTER

Your knowledge is surprising, Dick, for one as small as you. In classes there was not a question that you would not attempt to answer, but, as we all know, everyone is not perfect. In case some day your knowledge fails you, this book of knowledge may prove useful.

RUTH HUTCHINS

This young lady aspires to be a nurse. Ruth, we know you will be successful in your chosen profession because of your quickness and patience. When you are hurrying here and there, it will be well, once in a while, to take your temperature with this thermometer; you may then be careful and you will not get overheated.

KENNETH BROWN

Kenneth, you have driven such dangerous vehicles! If it wasn't a motorcycle or a collegiate flivver, it was a fiery steed. This baby carriage is harmless. It is guaranteed not to tip.

NANCY WOOD

Nancy, since you have come north you have greatly improved. You have shortened your dresses, curled your hair, and even vamped your teachers. You have tried the boys from Andover, Walpole, Sharon High, and now you have turned to Harvard. We are lending you this bat so that you can make hits in Virginia.

THE CAERULEAN

VIRGINIA COLLINS

You have greatly amused your class by your foolish acting. We know you are capable of furthering this work and becoming a comedienne, therefore, we have secured this contract from Charlie Chaplin, making you his leading lady.

KATHRYN COLLINS

Has been growing steadily in grace and in wisdom. At the rate you're going in the business world, you'll be needing this file for your extensive correspondence.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

You freshmen have not yet attained the height you desire. This traffic-tower will bring you above the rest of the classes, and you will not miss a thing that goes on.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

After being in the High School for two long years it is time you Sophomores stepped out. Step through this door of Knowledge and keep stepping.

THE JUNIOR CLASS

You Juniors certainly believe in talking. All your ideas, brilliant and otherwise, were discussed in loud tones in the different classrooms. This Record Book will save your over-worked vocal chords.

In Witness Whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seal this twenty-fourth day of June, nineteen hundred and twenty-six.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Senior Class as, and for their last will and testament in the presence of us who at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses to said instrument.

KATHRYN L. COLLINS.
KENNETH CALLAHAN.

The Birds Have Come

When in the hush of early evening;
When the shadows play among the leafy trees,
And the sunset's myriad colors are fading
From the clouds—
I am sitting by my study window
Lost in thought.
Then a far-distant roar disturbs me—
Like the distant rumble of coming battle,
Like the roar of waves upon the golden sand.

And I am released from my spell.
The roaring now grows louder
And I am able to see a black cloud
Swirling in my direction like a shroud,
Nearer yet and ever nearer
Comes the cloud
And separates itself.
Now with a flutter and a loud whirring
They are upon me—
The birds have come.

G. WATTENDORF.

Class History

IN September, 1922, the class of twenty-six entered the spacious halls of the Sharon High School. Timid and green we were perhaps, but we knew our place, and stayed in it, always striving and groping for some new seed of knowledge (book knowledge of course).

We spent our first year studying industriously, as every freshman class does (after that year they know better, having learned all the rules of the game of bluffing).

Two weeks after our first appearance, we organized the women's party, beating the men's at the polls, for women were selected as president, as secretary and as treasurer. The class was thus ably managed.

The crowning incident of that year was our sleigh ride. We finally reached Norwood, our goal, amidst showers of snowballs. The first drug store that we saw we entered and proceeded to warm ourselves by eating ice cream. Mr. McGrath and Miss Curley were our chaperons. Oh, don't be alarmed, Mr. McGrath was a gay young bachelor in those days.

To cap the climax of our freshman year, we held a picnic at the lake. Ask about the food!

Our Sophomore year was one shining success after another, beginning with our famous presentation of "The Courtship of Miles Standish," in which we first displayed our remarkable talent as actors and actresses and ending with our unequalled co-operation in the song at graduation.

It was in our Sophomore year that we realized our importance, as all Sophomores do, and what an asset we were to the school. Our members then began to branch out in almost every field open to us. "Babe," "Awny," "Rob," and "Sully" practically made up the boys' basket-ball team, while Katherine Sheldon and "Deta" were all star players on the girls' team. "Deta" has always been good in all forms of athletics, especially when it comes to calisthenics of the tongue. Another field was the honor roll which was attained by several members of our class. That was the year Vivian succeeded in vamping A's out of all the teachers. (Now, we understand she is specializing in child culture.)

During the last half of our Sophomore year, our members were inspired to enter the field of poetry, and fine poets we were indeed! One seventh period Miss Curley called for a heroic poem that was being passed around for inspection and criticisms. But, alas, she had no appreciation of true art, for she destroyed the paper at once, saying "Report after school at two-ten for disturbing the main room."

The girls in the commercial department boasted of being able to typewrite to the time of a phonograph which had recently been installed in Room C, but they had nothing on us. By the end of June we were making perfect circles and squares at the rate of fifty a minute to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."

The last important events of our Sophomore year were our vocal contributions at the high school concert and at graduation.

By the time we reached our Junior year, our number had been diminished noticeably, but what we lacked in quantity we made up in quality. The year marked the beginning of our real social activities.

Being promoted from the class where we knew it all, the Sophomore class, we proceeded to unlearn, and consequently our presence was easier to bear. The hardest work we did that year, outside of preparing for the Prom, was to scrape together enough pennies to get our class rings. In truth, I think some members actually engaged in real physical labor to lift the mortgage the rings put on their property. Others transferred the mortgage to their brains and allowed it to foreclose. The mortgagee got the worst of the bargain at that. Can you imagine Donald Stockman with dirty hands and disheveled hair? Neither can I. Yet Don actually went without a new hat and raked leaves to get his money. Nancy Wood conducted a spelling class for freshmen. Jean Caldwell pawned the jazz bells she entertained us with in English class once. Vivian Leighton got her money by tutoring a couple of teachers who were behind in assignments. Venita Baker earned hers by requiring a penny for every minute she held her tongue (it took her three weeks at that). George Wattendorf gave a few lectures on elocution, and Kenneth Brown let the car alone for two whole weeks, just to have enough money from his allowance. The others worked just as hard, but used more method than madness.

We always emphasized equality not quantity and we showed it very well at our Prom. We did not allow enough tickets to be sold to over-crowd our spacious ballroom, but gave the limited number present a most unusual time. Our decorations could not be rivalled by any class. Our orchestra was incomparable, and the guests mixed well, insuring a good time for all.

We spent the rest of the year listening to the Seniors tell us to follow their shining example of good behavior. We never could quite see the illumination and determined to be models ourselves. I will never forget how saintly and quiet Venita Baker was. But George Wattendorf spoiled the class by his constant talking and loud laughing, you know how noisy he is anyway. When the end of the term came, we sighed with relief, not because we were through for the year, but because the Seniors were—for good.

This year, our Senior year, we entered our lofty seat, with equally lofty ideas. We were modern, or tried to be, and when a Shakesperean play was suggested we downed it and chose one that had more to do with prohibition. The name was "No Trespassing." We did not burn the mid-night oil very much at rehearsals, but wasted a good deal of eleven o'clock gas (hot air) on various parts. The refreshments at these rehearsals were abundant and varied. Cake was common, although Mr. Stockman can testify that a cake shower in the literal sense of the word, is not exactly appreciable, nor that cleaning up the affected area is either. We all enjoyed the drinks. Our hero was again the victim of excess when one night he came limping home with a sprained ankle, caused by a fall when he went for the drinks too eagerly. I do not have to mention the success

of the play for you have all seen it or heard of it already. I need only say that we had all worked hard to prepare it and a day after it was given we were offered a contract to present it in the biggest theatre in Boston every night for the rest of the season.

Of course we did not accept; we could not bear to leave our beloved High School even for so great an offer.

After the play we turned our thoughts more and more toward the future. We became serious. We resumed the role of student abandoned since our Freshman year. As we approached this eventful day, we have thought solely of leaving. Tonight we go. Tomorrow night we shall be all together for the last time. Now we realize our good times are gone, that High School offers more than drudgery to the student. Now we realize that we are facing a far more difficult task than getting passing marks in our classes. We are about to enter schools of higher learning, or, more important yet, the School of Hard-Knocks.



Prophecy

MY friends, I have brought this crystal ball with me here tonight, so that I might be able to find out something about my friends of the Class of 1926. I shall now begin operations.

Ah! I see a big city with many houses and many factories. Suddenly there seems to be a big explosion in one of the factories, and a figure goes hurtling through the air. As he picks himself up off the ground, I recognize Dick Rafter, the chemist.

In another part of this city I can see a large hall with a stage and thousands of people. On this stage a woman is apparently singing. Without a second glance I recognize her as Betty Peck, the opera star.

This time I see another smaller hall, which I gather to be a moving picture theatre. One glance at the title tells me all I need to know: Venita Baker, the famous movie vamp, in "Flaming Fires".

Next, I see a large, imposing building which looks to me very much like a State House, and out of this building is coming a dignified woman surrounded by other officials. The crowd eagerly gapes at her and cameras click. Good Heavens! Cathella Wright!

Suddenly all the crowd looks up while a monstrous airplane roars overhead. There, hanging by one foot from the bottom of this plane, is Kenneth Brown, the daredevil!

Now the scene shifts to a stately palace, probably in England. A carriage drives up to the door and a tall and dignified and graceful lady steps out. The lady hands a card to the servant at the door which reads: "Countess Von Hiffenreizan." As I look closer, I recognize her as—Nancy Wood!

My attention is now turned to a long body of water which can be nothing else except the English Channel. On the waves are several boats, evidently following a swimmer—a girl. Can it be?—Virginia Collins!

Now I see some green islands, in a blue sea. On one of these islands is a small brown hut, probably a missionary's hut. The door opens and out steps—Jean Caldwell, and then, if that isn't enough, the savages gather around her, and she starts teaching them the Charleston. This is more than I can stand!

Wait! There's somebody else here, but I can't just make out who it is. Miss Wood, will you please come down and see if you can help me?

I see an immense fortune, heaps and heaps of paper bills on a table, gold pieces, gold dust, a fragile wine glass half empty, a silver cigarette case—they are receding. A face looms up—a smiling, care-free face—it is Mr. Stockman. He has on a high silk hat, white gloves and a white gardenia on his lapel. The form becomes larger. He is swaying on his pearl-tipped cane, back and forth, back and forth. He is the height of perfection, wealth, ease. His eyes twinkle, his lips are smiling, he turns away, but, ah, just before him is a hotel where he is to dine and dance. He glances around very nonchalantly as if to say: "At last I am Prince."

There is a room resembling a workshop here and I can see Kenneth Callahan sitting before a big radio. There are many complications of wires and tubes. He is very intent upon his work. I see his face light up—something is happening! He turns off the loud speaker and puts the earphones on his ears. He fades—and far away I see an oddly rigged-up station. Vegetation looks as though it were in the tropics. That fades quickly. Then again I see Mr. Callahan sitting before his radio set. Several people, apparently pupils, are listening to him. A newspaper on a nearby table reads: "Kenneth Callahan, radio expert, is now famous for the new discoveries he has made." He—but the picture is gone.

I am looking down on a room. It is very large, and in it people are rushing to and fro like so many bees. There are desks, typewriters, telephones and heaps of papers. Every person is intent upon his work. I see a woman enter a door at one end: Things seem to quiet down. The woman walks down the room and glances at the busy people, and goes into her office. As she takes off her smart little hat, I see it is Kathryn Collins, smiling and very business-like. She seats herself at a large desk, as a stenographer enters the room. Kathryn takes up the telephone and begins to talk, while the girl goes on with her work. Kathryn is a successful business woman and manager of a large corporation.

I see a vast expanse of plains, sandy with sage-bush, and a few stunted trees. I see a horse dart from one of these and race like mad to the low foothills. Someone is on his back—a masked girl. She jumps off, hides behind a bush, and waits. Another horse is coming slowly across the plains. He nears, the girl gets ready to shoot. She fires and the man falls from his horse. She leaps to the horse's back and darts away. The picture is gone. A scrap of newspaper flutters before me, the words in black letters read: "Ethel Kaercher, private secretary of the richest ranch owner in the West, yesterday, shot and killed the bandit and won the 10,000 dollars offered for his body, dead or alive." The paper flutters away.

Before me lies a beautiful garden, roses, masses of brilliant flowers, shady trees, and a low, sloping lawn. Back of these a large mansion, stately and quiet in the warm sun. A young man, very tall and distinguished, is walking toward me. He is thinking deeply. He pauses and looks up. It is Mr. Wattendorf. He has a pad and pencil in his hands. He has been writing. He is going into the

house now, into a large room where books and papers are scattered about. He picks up a yellow telegram from the table. The telegram coming nearer, nearer—I can see—plainly. It reads: "Your manuscript: will arrive on 11.20 train." He paused a moment, looked at his watch hurriedly, grabbed his hat, rushed out, covered a high hedge with ease, and disappeared down the dusty road.

A big building, back of tall, shady trees, appears. Apparently it is a hospital, for many people in nurses' uniforms are crossing the lawn. One nurse, in immaculate white, is pushing a wheel chair under the shade of a big tree. She sits down and opens a book. The man in the wheel chair seems very interested in what she is reading. A couple of nurses pass and wave a merry "hello," and at the same moment three children run up. The nurse lays down the book to greet them; the man seems to be very happy. They make a jolly group there under the trees. The woman, so gentle in her movements, lifted her face; it is Ruth Hutchins. She smiles and is gone.

I see a big room, like a studio, with draperies and books scattered about. The fire is out in the fireplace and a wind from the dark sky outside is stirring the papers and magazines on the tables. The room is in disorder and confusion. I see at one end a huge piano and to my surprise a very attractive young woman banging on the keys. Her body is swaying to the tune she is playing. She bangs triumphantly on until the door opens and a dozen or more boys and girls rush in. She turns and I see that it is Vivian. The crowd begins to straighten up the room and make the fire. The room takes on a cozy look, and they all settle around the fire to have tea, and all the boys, very young, and very "collegiate," crowd around Vivian.

GEORGE WATTENDORF
NANCYWOOD

Baseball

THE boys' Baseball Team, this spring, had no schedule with other towns, but merely some games in Sharon. The two teams, A and B, each played with the Grammar School, Sacred Heart School, Sharon A. A., and the 4H Club. In these games the High School came out on top a good part of the time. The snappy battery, "Kid" Stressenger and "Sonny" Eldracher, held the other teams down pretty well, while our all-around marvel, "Awny" White, played the bag at first, "Art" Boyden got in the way of the fast ones at "short," and Lang and Mitchell ran around second and third. "Tubby" Rafter and "Bob" Earle snapped up the flier in right and left fields, while "Don" Stockman watched them from center. We hope that in coming years the promising material among the undergraduates will develop into a "pennant" team.



On the fair days the most interesting thing in the morning was the boys' so-called "calisthenics!" These were led by "Don" Stockman, who snapped right through them (when Mr. McGrath was behind him). The boys proved to be a most intelligent bunch with only one fault—they forgot the orders too soon. At the command of "right dress," some lost all sense of direction and either "left dressed" or right faced. Of course, due to the leader's weak voice, this was excusable, but when told to halt, some kept on going; this showed inexplicable dumbness, for who wants to exercise any more than he can help! The noise made by heels clicking in the jumping exercise was small compared to the cracking of knee joints in the knee bending exercise. One woman called up Chief J. B. Kennedy and told him that a Chicago bandit had got loose with a machine gun. However, in five minutes, hearing the boys yell after dismissal, she put in a not call. Can you blame her?



Basket-Ball

OUR boys' Basket-Ball Team for the season 1925-1926 was not as much a success as we had hoped, for the record was—one game won and one tied, but we at least have the satisfaction of leaving an example for following teams. All of our men played their best and their hardest, but we were outclassed in weight and handicapped with lack of material and a poor floor. Instead of a gymnasium for practice and play, we were forced to use the Town Hall, which has a poor floor, bad lighting, and in addition, a very small space for spectators. In spite of these difficulties our boys came through in splendid shape, with plenty of pep and enthusiasm.

Captain Alden White played his usual keen and steady game, striving with his men to win. As a side-line at practice, he introduced a little baseball, catching lamp-shades.

Daniel Sullivan, "Sully," came through with wonderfully placed long-shots, fast short ones. His game was "fast and furious," with little regard for the other team's feelings or for his own.

"Babe" Nutting, our handsome center, tapped the ball to our men most of the time, but once in a while it was too high to jump; so he let it go at that. He made up for it afterward, though, with a few well-placed basket shots.

"Arr" Boyden snapped the ball around pretty fast and succeeded in getting to the best position, despite his slight weight. He also backed up his own guards pretty well in basket-ball and in pugilistic efforts.

"Affie" Cleveland, another fast lightweight, sank the ball from every *possible* place, and sometimes from *impossible* ones.

"Jimmy" Stressenger succeeded in getting his "number nines" off the floor soon enough to stop several would-be baskets.

"Tub" Rafter, our energetic assistant-manager, did noble work toward the end of the season as sub-guard.

George Wattendorf, our sub-center, gave us both moral and physical support, which were much needed.

With this stellar line-up, you can quickly see how thoroughly well-contested and well-played the games were, in spite of the fact that the other teams happened to be a little bit better.

D. STOCKMAN, *Manager.*

Girls' Baseball

WE started something new in the line of athletics this year; two baseball teams were organized. a Senior-Freshman and a Junior-Sophomore team. Four daily practices were held on the plot of grass immediately adjacent to the High School. No casualties resulted and no bones were broken. The boys line themselves up against the wall during the practices and enjoy themselves immensely at our attempts to hit the ball. Several good games were played between the two teams, the Senior-Freshman Team winning most of them.



Girls' Basket-Ball

THE Girls' Basket-Ball Team did not go over the top as usual this year, but their spirit was excellent from start to finish.

Deta was our able captain and center; she received several bumps and bruises while trying to get her feet off the floor soon enough. Next comes Frannie, our manager and star forward. Frannie was able to score several baskets each game by her agile dodging around. Marie and Esther did their bit at the other end of the floor by preventing the opposing forwards from getting baskets. Laura, our faithful side-center, was the go-between of the guards and the forwards. When Priscilla, our sub-guard, was on the floor, how she stopped the passes and hummed that ball right through the opposing players! Moreover, her verbal support was unsurpassed, especially at practice. Desiree did such good work as sub-forward this year that we feel sure she will be on the first team next year.

Cathedral of Nature

Out from the darkness of twilight
From the dusk of the Cathedral of Nature
Come the night sounds:
The chanting of the crickets,
The choir of birds from their nests,
And far away in the downs
The congregation stirs.
The voices of the frogs,
The organ
Boom, resound, and echo.
Thru the dusk
The whip-poor-will sings his lay,
While the chimney sparrows
Chirp and pray.
Fire-flies, touchbeams of faith,
Come flitting down the aisle.
All the beings raise their voices
In a slow chant and murmur of
Prayer.
The organ is sounding its last
Quivering tones.
The congregation is leaving one by one.
The sounds are dying,
And only the glow worms,
The candles at the altar remain.

N. WOOD.

As I Like It

IT was evening in the Main Room. Small shadows silently flitted about, and played hide-and-seek among the desks. An ominous silence pervaded the room. Not a thing stirred except the silent little ghosts of shadows. All was quiet.

Suddenly, in the near distance the Town Clock slowly and painfully struck the hour. The sounds crept through the thick night and felt their way into the Main Room. All at once the School Clock seemed to take on a human appearance and thus to speak, startling the sharp silence.

"I wish," it said half musingly, "that I could sound the hours like the Town Clock; it would make the long, dark hours easier to bear, and would bring back memories of the youth that passed through this school."

The Main Room Desk not having yet gone to sleep, heard him, and said, "I feel that way too, sometimes: morbid and depressed, especially when on the last day of school I see the boys and girls all departing: some of them forever. They do not care, their future is before them, but we—, here his voice failed him.

"Yes," the Clock replied softly, "we have seen our best days. Some day we will be thrown in the junk heap along with other rubbish: we who have kept the time and dignity of the School throughout the years." "That's right," cried the Desk passionately. "Everything is new: new people and strange faces, new chairs and new desks. But that is only right, that is the nature of things." The Clock agreed, and the Desk went on:

"Sometimes I like to think of former classes who have spent four years here and then graduated. Say, what did you think of that last class that was here, the Class of '26?"

The Clock yawned sleepily, and nonchalantly replied: "Well, I don't know; personally I thought it might have been better: it seemed rather dull and indigent to me."

A small Desk on the right-hand side of the room opened one eye and leered at the Clock. "So's your old man," it said, and went to sleep again.

The Main Desk jarred angrily, nearly upsetting the little Inkwell, which cried out in a thin, squeaky voice: "Be careful, be careful; what do you think this is, a riot?"

"Oh, shut up," retorted the Desk, "and as for you, too, Clock, I'm going to tell you something right here and now. That Class of 1926 was one of the best classes that ever passed through the doors of this High School, and don't you forget it. Why, think of all the good things they did! Think of their Play and the Year Book."

"With our names in it," finished the Clock proudly. "Yes, I guess you're right; that was a good old class. For a moment I didn't think—"

"Can you?" interrupted the impertinent Desk.

The Clock merely ignored this remark, and for a few moments said nothing. Then after everything had quieted down, and the desks had gone back to sleep, it said softly, half to itself, "The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

This was all. Objects took on their natural appearance and the thick blackness settled down even thicker. The shadows had long ceased to play among the desks. . .

All was quiet in the Main Room.

G. WATTENDORF.

The Class Ode

For Sharon High, our praises now resound —
To noble purpose, ever we are bound.

 The hours of work and pleasure, too,
 Will lead us in the right.
 Each task well done, each high resolve
 Will help us win the fight.

 O Sharon High
 We honor thee

Faithful we'll follow thee our guiding light
Faithful we'll follow thee our guiding light.

Oh, Sharon High, our thoughts are turned to thee;
We with regret depart, unknown to be.

 Thy precepts and thy counsels still
 Direct each word and deed,
 Thy star of wisdom ever will
 Thy sons and daughters lead.

 O Sharon High
 We honor thee

We onward toward the goal unfalt'ring speed
We onward toward the goal unfalt'ring speed.

RUTH HUTCHINS

Jokes

Tantalizing—thereby hangs a tale. *Venita Baker.*

*

Hap-hazard, happy-go-lucky, but harmless.
Kenneth Brown.

*

Endeared to the hearts of many a Sharon youth.
Jean Caldwell.

*

The girl with the curl. *Kathryn Collins.*

*

Wizard at radio. *Kenneth Callahan.*

*

Eat, drink and be merry. *Virginia Collins.*

*

Noisiness certainly isn't made apparent by you.
Ruth Hutchins.

*

Time and tide wait for no man, neither does the 8:30
bell. *Ethel Kaercher.*

*

Young in years, but ??????????. *Vivian Leighton.*

*

Short life and merry, isn't it, Betty? *Betty Peck.*

*

Immune to women (believe it or not).
George Wattendorf.

*

Xciteable as a clam. *Donald Stockman.*

*

Entomology, biology, "anyology," but above all
"argumentology." *Dick Rafter.*

*

Romantically unreasonable. *Nancy Wood.*

*

Speech is silver; silence is golden. (Cathella prefers
silver). *Cathella Wright.*

*

Laugh and the class laughs with you.
But stay after school alone.

A Senior stood on a railroad track,
The train was running fast;
The train got off the railroad track
And let the Senior pass.

G. WATTENDORF.

*

In appointing committees for the Year Book:
Jibby and Nancy were chosen for art.
Deta and Dick were chosen for jokes.

*

DONALD STOCKMAN (stepping into office): Have you
an opening for a bright, snappy, young college
graduate?

ANSWER: Yes, and don't slam it as you go out.

*

Jimmy Stressenger and Philip Stolar were discuss-
ing Jean's latest "affair."

JIMMY: It must have been a case of love at first sight.

PHILIP: You bet it was. She got a look at his bank
roll.

*

KATHRYN COLLINS: How did you get that bump on
your head, Jibby?

JIBBY: Oh, that's where a thought struck me.

*

Why does a Scotchman talk so much?
Because it's a gift.

*

What is the difference between the North and South
poles?

All the difference in the world.

*

The Senior play, "No Trespassing," was such a suc-
cess this year that it is still advertised in all the neigh-
boring woods.

*

MR. McGRATH: Miss Kovar, whom do the Ancients
say supported the world on his shoulders?

HELEN: Atlas, sir.

MR. McGRATH: Very good. Now if Atlas supported
the world, who supported Atlas?

HELEN: I suppose he had a rich wife.

*

WILLIE APPLETOFT (translating Virgil): "Three
times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and"—
that's as far as I got.

MISS WHIPPLE: I think that was quite far enough.

SHARON HIGH SCHOOL

We certainly have a musical Sophomore Class. The other day they waltzed into room D, singing, "Give us an easy test, will yuh, huh?"

*

MISS CURLEY: Mr. Sullivan, what country is opposite us on the globe?

SULLY: I don't know.

MISS CURLEY: Well, if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?

SULLY: Out of the hole.

*

Said Kenneth C. to Kenneth B:

"Here's one that's pretty good,
A nut-cracker in June they gave
To help poor Nancy Wood."

*

MISS KNOWLTON: Who was Caesar?

BOB EARLE: The one who said, "Eat, thou Brute," when his horse wouldn't take his oats.

*

When is a hat not a hat?
When it becomes a girl.

*

MR. MCCOLLAY: Well, how stupid you are! Can't you multiply 88 by 25! I'll bet Brown can do it.

BETTY PECK: I shouldn't be surprised. They say fools multiply very rapidly these days.

*

The difference between a cat and a comma:

A cat has *claws* at the end of its *paws*
And a comma is a *pause* at the end of a *clause*.

*

It was evening. A Senior approached a motorist. "Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased to function."

"What!"

"Your illumination, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion."

"Beg pardon?"

"The effulgence of your raditor has evanesced."

"My dear fellow——"

"The transversal ether oscillations in your condenser have been discontinued."

Just then a passing youngster yelled: "Hey, Mister! Your lights are out."

ELY: Wrestling with phrase—"rex fugit"—finally, "The king flees."

MISS WHIPPLE: But in what other tense can the verb "fugit" be found?

ELY: After a long scratching of the head and a whispered prompting from Davis—"Perfect."

MISS WHIPPLE: And how do you translate it?

ELY: Dunno.

MISS WHIPPLE: Put a "has" in it.

ELY: The king has fleas.

*

When tea leaves, you can get coffee grounds for divorce.

*

When is Muriel Moody like a ship?

ANSWER: When she is attached to a buoy.

*

Vivian must have felt that the world was against her when she fell down on her way out to practice baseball.

*

For e'en tho' vanquished he could argue still.

Dick Rafter

*

So fit to prattle at a lady's feet. *Stockman*.

*

"Oh, woman! glorious woman!

What would we do without thee." *Aunt Betty*.

*

Soprano, basso, even contra-alto

Wished her five fathoms under the Rialto

Her voice is exquisitely tender. *B. Peck*.

*

Said our chemist, "I'll take some dimethyloxymesoramide,

And I'll add just a dust of dimethylamidoazobenzaldehyde;

But while these are mixing

For the lab. I'll be fixing

A solution dilute of

Trisodinmpholoroglucintricarboxycide."

Mr. McCollay.

*

Advice to Philip Stolar: Don't gaze so longingly at the Senior side of the Main Room. You'll be there yourself some day.

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